

for on a night, slepinge, he let her lye,
And stal away unto his companye,
And, as a traitour, forth he gan to saile
Toward the large contree of Itaille.
Thus hath he laft Dido in wo and pyne;
And wedded ther a lady hight Lavyne.
CLOTH he lafte, and eek his swerd
standing,
Whan he fro Dido stal in her sleping,
Right at her beddes heed, so gan he hie
Whan that he stal away to his navye;
Which cloth, whan sely Dido gan awake,
She hath hit kist ful ofte for his sake;
And seide: O cloth, why! Jupiter hit leste,
Tak now my soule, unbind me of this unrest!
I have fulfilled of fortune al the cours.
And thus, alas! withouten his socours,
Twenty tyme yswowned hath she thanne.
And, whan that she unto her suster Anne
Compleyned had, of which I may nat wryte,
So greet a routh I have hit for tendyte,
And bad her norice and her suster goon
To fecchen fyr and other thing anon,
And seide, that she wolde sacrifice.

And, whan she mighte her tyme wel espye,
Upon the fyr of sacrificys she sterte,
And with his swerd she roof her to the herte.
BUT, as myn autour seith, right thus
she seyde;
Or she was hurt, before that she deyde,
She wroot a lettre anon, that thus began:
Right so, quod she, as that the whyte
swan
Ayeins his deeth beginneth for to singe,
Right so to yow make I my compleynge.
Nat that I trowe to geten yow again,
for wel I woot that it is al in vain,
Sin that the goddes been contraire to me.
But sin my name is lost through yow, quod
she,
I may wel lese a word on yow, or letter,
Albeit that I shal be never the better;
for thilke wind that blew your ship away,
The same wind hath blowe away your fey.
But who wol at this letter have in minde,
Rede Ovide, and in him he shal hit finde.
**Explicit Legenda Didonis martiris, Carta-
ginis regine.**

INCIPIT LEGENDA YSIPHILE ET MEDEE MARTIRUM.



JNOTE OF FALSE LOVERS, DUK JA-
SON!
Thou sly devourer and confusioun
Of gentilwomen, tender creatures,
Thou madest thy reclaiming and thy lures
To ladies of thy statly apparaunce,
And of thy wordes, farced with plesaunce,
And of thy feyned trouthe and thy manere,
With thyn obeisaunce and thy humble chere,
And with thy counterfeted peyne and wo.
Ther other falsen oon, thou falsest two!
O! ofte swore thou that thou woldest dye
for love, whan thou ne feltest maladye
Save foul delyt, which that thou callest love!
If that I live, thy name shal be shrove
In English, that thy sleight shal be knowe!

Have at thee, Jasoun! now thyn horn is blowe!
But certes, hit is bothe routh and wo
That love with false lovers werketh so;
for they shul have wel better love and chere
Than he that hath aboght his love ful dere,
Or had in armes many a bloody box,
for ever as tendre a capoun et the fox,
Thogh he be fals and hath the foul betrayed.
As shal the goodman that therfor hath payed:
Al have he to the capoun skille and right,
The false fox wol have his part at night.
On Jasoun this ensample is wel ysene
By Isiphile and Medea the quene.
IN Tessalye, as Guido telleth us,
Ther was a king that highte Pelleus,
That had a brother, which that highte
Eson;
And, whan for age he mighte unnethes gon,
He yaf to Pelleus the governing
Of al his regne, and made him lord and king.
Of which Eson this Jasoun geten was,
That, in his tyme, in al that lond, ther nas
Nat swich a famous knight of gentilesse,
Of freedom, & of strengthe and lustinesse.
After his fader deeth, he bar him so
That ther nas noon that liste been his fo,
But dide him al honour and companye;
Of which this Pelleus hath greet envye,
Imagining that Jasoun mighte be
Enhaunsed so, and put in swich degree
With love of lordes of his regioun,
That from his regne he may be put adoun.
And in his wit, anight, compassed he
How Jasoun mighte best destroyed be
Withoute slaunder of his compasment.



And at the laste he took avisement
To senden him into some fer contree
Ther as this Jasoun may destroyed be.
This was his wit; al made he to Jasoun
Gret chere of love and of affection,
for drede lest his lordes hit espyde.
So fil hit so, as fame renneth wyde,
Ther was swich tyding overal and swich los,
That in an yle that called was Colcos,
Beyond Troye, estward in the see,
That therin was a ram, that men mighte see,
That had a flees of gold, that shoon so
bryght,
That nowher was ther swich another sighte;
But hit was kept alway with a dragoun,
And many othere merveils, up and down,
And with two boles, maked al of bras,
That spitten fyr, and moche thing ther was.
But this was eek the tale, nathelees,
That whoso wolde winne thilke flees,
He moste bothe, or he hit winne mighte,
With the boles and the dragoun fighte;
And king Oetes lord was of that yle.
THIS Pelleus bethoghte upon this
wyle;
That he his newew Jasoun wolde
enhorten
To sailen to that lond, him to disporte,

And seide: Nevew, if hit mighte be
That swich a worship mighte fallen thee,
That thou this famous tresor mightest
winne,
And bringen hit my regioun withinne,
Hit were to me gret plesaunce and honour;
Than were I holde to quyte thy labour.
And al the cost I wol myselven make;
And chees what folk that thou wilt with thee
take;
Lat see now, darstow taken this viage?
Jasoun was yong, and lusty of corage,
And undertook to doon this ilke emprise.
ANOON Argus his shippes gan devyse;
With Jasoun wente the stronge
Ercules,
And many another that he with him chees.
But whoso axeth who is with him gon,
Lat him go reden Argonauticon,
for he wol telle a tale long ynow.
Philotetes anon the sail updrow,
Whan that the wind was good, and gan him
hye
Out of his contree called Tessalye.
So long he sailed in the salte see
Til in the yle Lemnoun aryved he,
Al be this nat rehersed of Guido,
Yet seith Ovyde in his Epistles so.